AFTER WOODCOCK BY MOONLIGHT

Sport of the Wabash Bottoms That Calls for a Sure Eye.

SPORTSMANLIKE OR NOT?

Shooting, Says One Who Has Tried Both.

Other Stories of the Woods and Fields A Tramp for Ruffed Grouse That Sielded Little but Blisters An Adironducks Fisher That Boasts a Name up from its feeding at the unwonted sight. of its Own and Has Defied the Trap- and evidently dazed by the glare.

late fell frosts and snow hade it rise on posed of their bags at from \$1 to \$1 50 a wing and follow its long bill in rearch of a winter home in the sunny South. Centequently there were woodcock in amazing numbers all through the season, and in the days I am speaking of the season opened in July and kept open until the last bird has flown in the fall.

"The lush time for hunting the woodceck at night clong the Wabesh was in July .. It was perticularly good after the high waters following rains had overflowed some lowlying cornfield and subsiding left it moist and plastic, conditioned for the choicest woodcock feeding. but yet of stable enough footing to permit the hunter and his dog to tramp over it through the knee high corn with no discouraging or retarding results. As it was frequently the case that a flooding of corn such as this rather put it out of business

"A July night, with the moon in a cloudhunting the woodcock in those rare days on the Wabash, but half a moon or even no moon at all if the stars were out would of the birds for reproduction. cornfields were in the condition men- old time numbers. tioned the birds would invariably for-

of them by putting a bell on each dog. by the sound of which we could follow shooting of woodcock that never to be gun in wing shooting exacts or inspires. The bird would flash its feathered plumpness only for an instant against the moonlight or starlight, and if in that instant the hunter's gun did not flash true the quickly darkened space in the moonteam would disappear as quickly as it came, for the bird had dropped down to seek some other spot in the field or perhaps dashed back to the tangle of underbrush and briars that fringed it

frowned upon by all who call themselves 'genuine sportsmen,' I know, but listen. I am expert enough with the gun over woodcock to have dropped ten birds out of twelve in daytime hunting, and in very strenuous cover at that. The best I ever could do in snapshooting them at eary, was to save for my bag five out of eleven birds that offered me opportunity. Not that I never killed more than five of a night. I have dropped thirty in one cornfield in the passing of the moon across

them by the mellow light of the moon or bragged about it. the sparkle of the stars out in the Wabash I don't have any great regard for convention in the use of the gun as a rule, but this style of gunning didn't suit me

darker the better, they said, and better ten miles or more of tedious cover. We'll edge, a sunshot distance, and out of sight. still if there was a slight drizzle of rain; go hunting once for fair and squelch him. Suddenly my eye caught sight of a cock and that they went out with torches into down in vast numbers to fee ton the earth worms that those bottoms yield prolifiely. I found also that while some hunters car-Calls for Greater Skill Than Day ried a gun, a weapon of that kind was not necessary, as a long pole or brush served with the very finest shot. One man of a party, usually a negro, carried the torch. toreh along the rows of cotton and corn stalks or sugarcane stubble where the looking the Delaware at Milford without great staring eyes of a woodcock, looking

"Then, before it could recover from its pers Joys of Camp Life Along the daze the bird would either get a charge White River of the Ozarks Prepar- of the fine shot from the hunter with the ing Jerked Venison A Bunter's gun or be hit with a club. As woodrock in those days apparently sought those Dream That Brought Him a Deer. covers and feeding places by the thou-"I had bunted woodcock at night many sand, it seemed to be no trick at all for a a time out in the Wabash country," said party of these night hunters to shoot and a sportsman of cosmopolitan habit but club a backload of the birds of an evening Hors'er State nativity, "and no wing Well, once of that sort of woodcock hunt shocting I have ever had since has had the ling was enough for me, but when I voiced same appeal of yest and thrill to it. The my protest against such slaughtering receptive Wrbash becomes, the sheltering methods the native hunters were surbrakes and bric's and thicket clumps, and prised, for it appeared that this method particularly the big spreads of cornfeld of woodcock hunting had been followed discount, furnished ideal ground for all not orly in Louisiana but in the adjoining the demands of that most capricious of districts of Texas for time out of mind. all gemebirds, from nesting time at the it was followed chiefly, however, by first dawn of spring until the coming of the pothunters, who were satisfied if they disdozen birds

"There was no close season on the birds in Louisiana then, the reason they gave for that being that as the woodcock merely made of the Gulf country a home for the winter, waxing fat on its rich boring grounds in order to return north to do their nesting and the hatching out of material for the Northern sportsman's pastime and pleasure, and as they were of no benefit to the Southern planter, the idea of protecting them for the Northern hunter was preposterous, and so every man, woman and child's hand might be against them night and day, and by fair means or foul so long as they remained as pensioners on the bounty of the Louisiana lowlands.

The absurdity and harmfulness of this theory, I found on a later visit to Louisianabegan to appeal to the sportsmen of the State as they noticed the annual lessening topping forest crowned hills, marshy as a promiser of a crop, we rarely out- of the flight of woodcock that came down bordered, murky watered all these and raged a planter's feelings by trespassing from the North for the winter, and it more, as nature ordered their dispersion. struck them that non-protection of the birds against that destructive night less sky and travelling on its way well hunting and indiscriminate shooting was score of miles of wild that lay between the thinning out the ranks of the birds that returned north in the spring, and decreasing by just that proportion the capacity never fail to serve the alert snapshot Louisiana and Texas put the woodcock unter to his liking. The swamps along under strict protection for some seasons. the river were many and their muck and the increase in the flight of the birds

"But it need not be necessary to procake the mucky swamp ground and reek hibit night hunting for woodcock in any morning after arriving in Scranton we their night's foraging in the pleasanter fields. This was well for the woodcock hunter, for the swamps were impossible of hunting at night and of very laborious and not always satisfactory beat- for the canebrakes and brief thickets and I wore a pair of roomy, casy going shoes sedge borders in which the woodcock that I had bought for the purpose. We "We hunted with dogs of course, but take their daytime siestas are next to were still on the four mile road tramp not bird dogs. They would have been impenetrable by hunter or dog. I was when the bottoms of my feet began to entirely useless, for the hunter could intrepid enough to twist myself into one feel so uncomfortable that I sat down and not see one make its point in the dark- of these thickets one day to see what took off my shoes to investigate. It was ness to point the game that the hunter chance there was by the aid of a pointer a cheerful discovery I made. My shoes may know that it is in ambush near by, dog to get a shot at some of the birds were pegged instead of sewed. As I this being all it is the duty of a bird dog to that I felt must be in there. The nearest walked the pegs had worked up out of the do. So neither pointer nor setter nor I got to a shot was the hearing of wood- dry leather of the soles and all around spaniel was called upon to go woodcock cock after woodcock go whistling upward the bottoms of my feet had worn a circle shooting at night. Dogs trained to and taking the spiral stairway flight of of tiny blisters.

to work about among the corn and a cocker spaniel in that decse cover and entirely encouraging one, but there was startle the feeding birds into flight. The stood out on one edge of it. My idea was no help for me except to back out and go dogs thought they were hunting rabbits, that the dog, which of course wouldn't home the way we had come, and money and of course would not utter a sound stand on point, would bark as he wormed couldn't have induced me to do that. So unless they struck a rabbit's track. That his way into the thicket and got scent of pounding the pegs down as well as I was entirely unlikely on that ground birds and that this would flush them; could with a stone, and improvising in-As the dogs would consequently be lost flushed, they would twist themselves up soles by stuffing bits of newspaper in the to us and of no service in the hunt, for out of the brake and I would get shots as shoes, we resumed our trainp. a dog might flush scores of birds with- they winged out. The dog barked and the "It's a little tough," said my companion out any one getting a shot or even know- birds flushed all right, but they scarcely consolingly, 'but when we get into the ing that birds had got up, we kept trace ever seemed to flush near enough to woods and get to banging away at the where I was standing, change as I might birds you I forget all about it. my position. I managed to get three them with ease, keep close and be on shots out of a score or more birds that wasn't any doubt about it. We had hand when the frightened bird rose came out of the brake, but it was a waste planned to make the hills overlooking a with that inspiring ring or whistle that of bird, time and powder, for they fell little farming village in a valley on the in the stillness of the night gave the back into the thicket, and the dog not border of Luzerne and Wayne counties. being a retriever that was the last of swenty miles from Scranton, and put up forgotten thrill and throb and called them so far as I was concerned. Hearned for the night there. By and by we go for such lightninglike thought and action afterward that the idea of trying for wood- into the woods. And we were in the woods from the hunter as no other duty of the cock was not an inspiration after all. all day. The sun was about an hour high It had been often tried down there, and yet when we came out in sight of the was sometimes quite successful, a re-village. And it certainly did look good to trieving pointer dog trained to work me, for somehow or other no birds had from the outside saving the game the sportsman managed to kill. There were forgotten about those feet of mine a also sections of those thickets or brakes single minute. that tough and persistent native hunters had worked their way through and with the village. A boy was digging out a a good retrieving pointer bagged as many as twenty birds out of perhaps a hundred

cluded that the lot of the daytime woodcock | hog in the head with a club the boy looked hunter in those Louisiana and Texas up and said: lowlands was not a happy one, and I am going back there some day and see if I never seen or heard so many bluejays

the rare old Wahash bottoms." BLISTERS AND NO BIRDS.

in Pennsylvania.

"We got it into our heads that fall, my the sky between to o'clock and midnight. hunting companion and L* said a Pike that fall. Had I had the same shots over a dog in county man of reminiscent proclivity. a daytime cover and at least fifty birds "that the pheasant shooting, as gunning hain't, said he. Three or four o' the boys a daytime cover and at least fifty birds and it unished then I would indeed have believed that my eye had lost its allest believed that my eye had lost its allest best of the summary trigger forming flagger its cunning it took a crackajack with the gain to fill his bag with might build one hadyon days on the Wahsab, and those hadyon days on the Wahsab, and where it was sport forms a post of sports. So having hunted woodcock in the war was being down in the way when we can build we continuous march where it was a sport of sports. So having hunted woodcock at night my after vears being down in the way when we can build with the hirds as would turn our home huntered from the war sport of the birds as would turn our home huntered from the window and whisteled low as oldern turn to a sport of sports. So having hunted woodcock at night on a first three or four of the boys had and they are a sport of sports. The first head a right to be and so wood a form to the window and whisteled low a solemn tune through the was a monster in the standard larger flagger its cunning lit took a crackajack with the gain to fill his bag with might be done in which the was a monster in the started for down in Pike country with "might be down in though which list of the alders and run up the valley side toward the mountain. The first thought was a first through the said out of the alders and run up the valley side toward the mountain. The first thought was a monster in the wall have the thought was a monster in the brinds and they said the wall and they said to the initive mountain. The first thought was a monster in the rest was a monster in the brinds and they said to the initive many and through the wall and they said to the initive many and through the wall and they said to the initive many and through the wall and they said to the initive many and through the wall and they said to the initive many and through the wall and they said to the initive many and through the wall have the deep that the said through the wall and they said to hadn't tumbled then I would indeed have for ruffed grouse is called in that country, started for down in Pike county yister-

ready for some sport with recollection of old times in it and the savor of home but I found that hunting woodcock at I found that hu night down in Louisiana was an entirely friend and I seldom failed to bring in as to stay. different proposition from going after many birds as he did, and we never

"I found that instead of a moonlit or struck great luck if you come home with I was hobbling along one edge of an open

"So, keeping our own counsel, we pheasant sitting on a log in a listening the cotton, corn and cane fields, into started one drizzly morning toward the pose which the woodrock, emerging from the end of October to get into the big stretch road and dropped off at Scranton, Pa., pheasant tumbled dead off the log. with our dog and guns. Seventy miles gun, though, charged it only lightly, and scant of birds. Not far beyond the eastern outskirts of Scranton the thickly wooded hills marked the beginning of the It was his duty to cast the light of the wild extent of country through which bring out of the darkness beyond it the civilization than an occasional logging turning to me, drawled:

Not that there were not settlements here and there in that vast extent of wild. for the sawmill and the tanneries were yet service, and had called into existance their colonies of employees and the necessary collateral industries. There were numerous farming communities that had necessitated the building of trade centres thrifty hamlets in the backwoods, like cases in the desert. But none of these need be in the path of one who might roam through that forest domain if he chose to

Old wood roads rutted only by the cersional passing of the bark wagon or the ox team of the cord wood chopper. ound or zigzagged their solitary ways through the woods at infrequent intervals Long ago thoroughfares, once busy and well kept highways that had found short and direct routes through that wilderness from destination to destination for travel and traffic between the east and the west and the north and the south, in the days pefore the railroads came to silence the rumble of the stage coach and the creak of the freighter's wagon, might be crossed and recrossed.

'Areas of great pines and hemlocks. ride stretches of beech woods, high ridges of oak timber and slopes thick with chest nut and maple groves, hickory swales dense tangles of wild vines, frequent reaches of man defying laurel and tamarack swamp, sunburnt scrub oak and buckleberry barrens, hill, valley, hollow, streams winding through the dark shaded woods, glittering in the opens, where the rocky ledges, lakes shimmering on mountain crests, crystal of water, sandy be iched, like mimic seas or sombre in cuplike hollows shadowed by the overformed the environment of one who Susquehanna waters and the Delaware started on, leaving a happy boy behind Valley and lies there yet, save that its pine and hemlock forests are gone and in Then their place are coming still denser hardwood growths.

"And this was the stretch of woods that my hunting companion and I had chosen yielded the boring woodcock abundance to those choice wintering places I am to beat the covers in that fall from its of its favorite food, but when the young told, has brought them back in almost the western fringe to its termination on our was rich in promise of results, and the strike into the hills for the fore t journe

rabbit hunting were generally our canine, theirs out over the tops of the tall canes. The prospect of a sixty-five mile tramp aids, for what we needed of a dog was "That gave me an idea, though. I put on blistered feet to start with was not an

"Having sporting blood, I said there got up for us to bang at, and I hadn't

"We went out across a field toward groundhog in the field. We stopped and watched him do it. Then we asked him if there had been any birds or sign of Taking it altogether, though, I con-birds thereabout. Knocking his ground-

"Birds? Why, yes. Pears to can't familiarize him with the entrancing and profitable sport of shooting the woodcock by night after the fashion of the brush."

found a good tavern, and while the landlord, who seemed to know about such A Recollection of a Search for Pheasants things, was doctoring my blisters after

"Why, not pertic'lar around here, they

*Our schedule for the second day called my companion that fall. 'We'll take a joint I forgot my feet for a brief moment. bird in the woods until you think you've that day. The leaves were falling thickly.

almost inaccessible canebrakes where of words we had mapped out as our choice rose from the log, which I knew he would of Maine building as it stood on the they lay hidden during the day, dropped for the hunt. We drove thirty-two miles do before I had taken two steps more, I world's fair grounds at St. Louis. Log Moose River to the West Canada lakes. to the nearest station on the railroad we had a shock as bang went a gun off in by log this building was relaid and its. The big fisher seems to make that land its had to take rode fifty miles on the railthe direction of my companion and the interior replaced on a great bluff overhome. In winter, trappers say, it follows

to the east of us as the crow flew lay the ground, by jiggers!' I couldn't help yell- fraternal assemblies, with people from the loose snow, and taking ten or fifteen just as well. The hunter who carried a game covers we had left at home, all so ing. I was so disgusted to think that my every section of the country who are days to make the circuit. Two or three men, should have done such a thing. But farms. the words were barely out of my mouth one might tramp clear to the hills over- when a lank, yellow whiskered native of quaint people who have for sixty years Again, finding a marten or a mink in a birds were feeding. Presently it would encountering any greater evidences of of the brush, picked up the dead bird and Ozark Mountain region is almost a coun-

hours fer him to come in an' git whanged.'

with his bird as my companion and the there is life and light and shade. dog appeared, and my feet, which I had forgotten for the moment, recalled themselves to me more formible, the moment of the mome selves to me more forcibly than ever as we marched along. We came at noontime to the Paupack Creek where it flowed in rippling course through a wide stretch of old grown up clearing. Nothing had occurred on the way, either sitting or flying to cause me to lose recollection of my blistered feet. The dog worked the old clearing thoroughly and failed to put up anything calculated to relegate my feet to temporary objivion.

"We sauntered down the creek. Two miles down we came to a boy sitting on the bank fishing. Then we discovered a house back on the hill with a small cleared space around it. I asked the boy what he was fishing for

"Fall fish,' he replied.

"I asked him if he was catching any. 'Naw,' he said disgustedly. They

ain't bitin' "I looked at his stiff pole and its cord worm. Asking him if he lived in the house to load it and guide it down over on the hill, and finding that he did I told him that if he would go get me a strip of fat pork I would show him how to set the back with the strip of pork.

had formed. I was soon having an inspirand another. I felt that I had got the better of my feet for a time at least, and we the some time silver chub of the running ago exterminated it.

native hills. The very character of it Herman Frank's hunters' tavern at Blooming Grove. My feet had let me get Mississ pronged bucks hung from pegs on the been crossed seven times does the unwall that hunters had brought in from certain stream finally bear away to the southeastward to stay. a near by runway. A dozen fine pheasants

asked the landlord.

plied. This here lot was brung up from back o' Milford some'rs by a couple of our fellers that was down to court and took little hunt for 'em.'

was busy listening to Ed Quick telling alluvial country is striking. about his bear bunt. My feet were alive has its origin in mountain springs. Numing the tannery boss was going to stone strata help to swell the volume tributaries vary from tiny rivulets start. Milford that day with a horse and wagon. of pretty rough travel through the woods of overhanging rock. Some thirty miles yet if we maintained out hunt. I was as near all in as blistered feet travelled on face of the cliff a body of water strong for forty-five miles could well be But said no. I wouldn't ride to Milford. would rather walk

Ten miles of it was made and we were at the Shohola Farms, a stretch of long abandoned clearings, and there my hunting companion surprised a pheasant in bullet. He caught the bird a breast shot, but the tough old chap went right on But turning quickly, the hunter gave him a charge as he was lifting his fluffy body over the high brush, and I forgot my feet for half an hour at least. The bird was

bagged. One to our score. Darkness was beginning to close in on us as we raised the hill that brought us to the edge of the valley below us and saw the lights of Milford in the distance. We had heard bird after bird get up in the thick brush every little way along the last ten mile lap, but not a shot. We sought blistered feet and so little to take my mind off of them if my wife, mentioning the disagreeable sportsman we had taken this great hunting trip to particularly make

green with envy, hadn't said: 'He came in with twelve vesterday supper. I asked him if any hunters about and only went to the Raymondskill, three there had been out after pheasants yet miles back. He got twenty more this week too around here.

"Then I took to my bed and did not come out for a week.

from the North Consequently I made that in himself as a hunter, although no them. The village shoemaker put a couple is to western New York and adjoining to shreds and half eaten. Along the bank

moving spirit that caused to be located and possibly for fish and mud turtles. here on the banks of the beautiful White for another twenty mile jaunt, which River the summer educational camps of identified Old Squaw Lake. One fore leg "Let him plug away at the birds he would bring us to Blooming Grove, over the Presbyterian Church, with its repre- was caught in a trap some years ago and country, and once was enough for me. can manage to put up around here, said the Pike county line. Twice on that sentatives in more than a dozen States the animal chewed its leg off and broke of the Union, the State Y. M. C. A. and the bones just above its wrist to get out hunt over ground where alog and gur. The dog was working wild over ground other religious and fraternal bodies. St. of one of French Louis's fox traps. the ven't scared the gizzard out of every we had come to five miles on our way Louis capitalists were first to invade these paw was as large as that of a good sized solitudes following the building of a rail- coon. The missing paw has enabled road through the heart of the Ozarks trappers to identify the animal certainly starlit night they chose a dark night, the half a dozen after knocking about over space. My companion was on the other which cost the Goulds approximately in the snow. Some have followed the \$66,000 a mile. The rails had not long tracks just to see what "the old cuss is been laid to the White River when a special up to," while others have followed defreight train started for Hollister bear- termined to add the fur to their winter's ing the logs, interior finishings, doors, catch. The story seekers have been more Ready to take him the instant he windows and every vistage of the State successful. looking the river. Following the Maine a line around and around, going from "Shot him sitting! Took him on the clubhouse have come the religious and ten to twenty miles a day, depending on companion, who had the reputation of invading the valleys and hilltops with trap lines cut across the circuit, but the being the most conscientious of sports- modern homes and five and ten acre fruit

that district carrying a gun stepped out inhabited this semi-wilderness. The trap, Old Squaw Lake eats it and thus terpart of New England. Its wooded \$10 or \$20. Whatever the real value of "Shot him settin'? Course I shot him hills and beautiful valleys rival those of the fur destroyed, the trapper firmly besettin'. Don't ketch me a-chancin' of 'em. Connecticut and New Hampshire, and its This un makes two I got this month, great waterway, the White River, thread-Tother un I sot under a wild grape vine ing its very centre, is equalled only in down yonder in the holler an' waited two scenic grandeur by the Hudson. There The native grinned and walked away Rockies in these peaceful Ozark hills, but

> A morning in camp is delightful. Just imagine your tent on a clean gravel bar facing the bluff. You climb out of your cot in the early autumn dawning. The savory odors of the bacon, the fish and the coffee that are on the camp fire come as grateful incense, for the camp cook has been astir before the morning star lost itself behind the distant mountain. You go down to your boats, anchored the bar, with your toilet articles and the cold water over your face and hands By the time your toilet is made the table is spread, the snowy biscuits, piping hot the little Dutch oven, are brough forth; the coffee is poured, the eggs, the bacon and the fish are placed before you. and with an appetite as keen as a the party surrounds the improvised board to do justice to the cook's offering.

When breakfast is over the guides the boats in readiness, the tackle and minnows are put in it and with a person at each end of the little craft the guide takes up the oars and you start another day's sport in the 200 mile float down this beautiful stream, leaving the down this beautiful st shouls to some shady nook where lunch-eon is served, when he again pushes ahead, pitches the camp for the night and prefat pork I would show him how to set the pares supper, while the anglers loiter along fall fish to hiting. He went off like a deer and struggle with the gamy base that to the house and in a short time came are picked up in little pools and eddys, and even from the swift rushing waters. "Hooking a bit of it on as bait I waded out in the creek, and the cold water was like balm on my blistered feet. Letting the pork run along with the water down in the campers make the pork run along with the water down to the foot of a ripple where a little eddy a landing upon the gravel at the camp, and formed I was seen having an invalidation of the baked potatoes and fried icken which are ready to serve.

ing battle with a lusty fall fish. Landing him, to the delight of the boy, and another and speneral scenic beauty, and another. I fall that I had got the latter one of the crockedest in America. From Mountains, in northwestern Arkansas and the Indian Territory section of Oklahoma us with a lesson in fall fishing he would to Batesville, where it leaves the Ozarka never forget—fall fish, by the way, being and enters the Arkansas lowlands. White River is a succession of asto curves. From the source to waters of that region, a fish of good game and edible quality, but which is only a memory now, the black bass having long course one would have to travel approxgo exterminated it.

"It was dark when we came at last to erman Frank's hunters' tavern at Probably the highest

Adding to the marvel of White River's lay spread on the bar. The sight of them cheered us. I might have long forgetfulness of my feet to-morrow it semed to me.

"Birds plenty about here, Herman?"

Adding to the marvet of white hive eccentric meanderings are the walls of eccentric meanderin fer a strip of fertile bottom land along

ing river seen from the summit of the palisades shimmers like well polished silver. White aptly describes the scene
A nearby view from the banks reveals "Back of Milford, eh? Huh. huh." I degree of purity which is not equalled by any other Western river. The contrast with streams which flow through Milford that day with a horse and wagon. He said I could ride along with him just tains to powerful streams which gush as well as not. There was twenty miles forth with a roar from beneath shelves enough to run a large mill.

"OLD SQLAW LAKE."

trondack Trappers.

LITTLE FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 10 .- The first fisher or pennant's marten, called Old deer." has a name of its own.

forty pounds. They are members of the dian trail until it came to the place in the weasel family and rank next to the wol- creek where the Indians had given up the verine in size. They are, weight for chase. It kept on down the creek weight, the strongest and hercest kind of "We'll cross the creek here,' said Laroy animal in the Adirondacks and some of Lyman. The deer kept in the creek them are more cunning than foxes, al- far enough down to throw the hunters our homes by back streets when we got though their intelligence or instinct of and we'll strike the trail where it leaves into town. I think I would have is usually no keener than that of a mink or the creek. weathered the seventy mile tramp with marten. They are fairly plenty in spite "Not more than for ty rods down they of the fact that an ordinary pelt is worth came to where the deer had come out \$6 or \$8, while as high as \$15 or \$2e is paid of the water and travelled toward a for a large, prime black skin. Ola Squaw bench on the ridge, perhaps half a mile Lake, trappers reckon, must be worth at distant. Laroy went to the left and sent least \$25 and perhaps more.

Old Squaw Lake is very seldom re- "We'll find the deer on that bench, ported in the summer months. About in its bed. I saw it in my dream, said ge three years ago, however, two campers three years ago, however, two campers were going along the alder bed opposite his side. It was covered with red brush, were startled by seeing a large black root to be ready for the deer if it came.

was a distinct trail showing

A perceptible limp besides its size

The Squaw Lake country reaches from fisher knows them all. Sometimes just to show what it thinks of trappers it tears This is a strange awakening to the a trap cubby to pieces and eats the bait. exasperates the trapper to the extent of lieves it was a ten dollar mink or a twenty dellar marten

Old Squaw Lake enjoys hunting rabbits judging by its trail. In winter the is not the awe inspiring grandeur of the rabbits live in balsam swamps, and Old Squaw Lake has a number of such swamps along its runway. A mile or two along the trail in a balsam swamp indicates the most approved of time and method of hunting rabbits. When the new fallen snow lies a foot deep, loose and fluffy, in the woods Old Squaw Lake travels through the swamps with unusual care. Running is out of question, and fishers hate to walk. Long acquaintance with Old Squaw Lake's track makes it easy to tell when it is in a swearing mood. The animal tries to run, and at every jump lands ear-deep in the loose snow. In half a hundred jumps the animal is hundred jumps the annual hundred jumps the snow half a hundred jumps breathless and angry. It whips the snow to right and left with its stump and paw to right and left with its stump and paw and shakes the icicles from its whiskers and porcupine quills. Then it walks till

and porcupine quills. Then it waiss till its breath is back, when it runs again. But in spite of anger and hurry the old fisher hunts right along. It crawls under brush heaps, it seeks hard pan under the thick balsam cap top canopy, and at last sneaking noiselessly it plunges suddenly around a bush or hummock of snow or tree trunk and seizes a rabbit squatted in the snow. Then the fisher takes its revenge on the bawling rabbit, shaking it and tearing it to pieces.

takes its revenge on the bawling rabbit, shaking it and tearing it to pieces.

The porcupine quills in the whiskers of Old Squaw Lake are a matter of inference. French Louis says Old Squaw Lake's principal diet is porcupines. All fishers kill some porcupines, and no trapper remembers catching a fisher that did not have percupine quills in its forelegs. remembers catching a issier that did not have porcupine quills in its forelegs, among its whiskers and in its chest. Places where Old Squaw Lake has killed a porcupine may be found along its trail following the trail a day or two or less. There are three or four mountains along the runway on which porcupine dens are found in the broken cliffs and

Old Squaw Lake climbs trees and fights the porcupines in topmost branches. Still lighting the two animals come crashing to the ground, and when the porcupine yields the least bit the fisher's nose plunges to the unprotected belly. Then at its leisure the fisher eats its fill. After such a gorge the animal retreats to the rocks and sleeps a while.

GOT HIS DEER BY A DREAM. Larey Lyman Gutdid Indian Hunters With That Assistance.

"Laroy Lyman, the mighty hunter of Potter county. Pa. said a one time dweller in that part of Pennsylvania, in Elk county. George was twelve miles from t e nearest settle- to go about jerking your venison:

"Along toward night one day while Laroy Lyman was at Smith's cabin two Indians from the Cornplanter Reservasaid they had been following a deer thirteen miles that day and that it had wounded it in one hind leg. Laroy Ly. a fire of dry hemlock bark. man asked the Indians if he could have the deer if he got its track. The Indians said he could, but it was of no use to try for it. It was lost,

said to the Indians:

"I'm going out to get that deer."

all day. No use white man." "I had a dream last night,' said Laroy. I dreamed that I went on Indians' back track. A white man's track had followed the Indian trail to where the Indians many folks suppose it is, not by a long A Fisher That Is known to All Ad- had left the deer trail as it entered the creek. My dream told me that the deer

Squaw Lake by the trappers in that "The Indians shrugged their shoulders part of the Adirondacks. This particular and went on their way. In company with fisher gets its name from one of the lo- a fellow hunter, Jack Lyman, Laroy calities where it travels and it is one of started out to follow the directions of his the few Adirondack wild animals which dream. They followed the Indians' back hardwood sticks as you need, long enough track and sure enough came to the track Fishers range in size from twelve to of a white man, which followed the In-

Jack Lyman off to the right.

man going up along the creek. It was he who had made the track on the Indians' back track that Laroy saw in his dream. Smith having taken an early start with the idea of getting the true lead on the Indians' lost deer. But, expert woodsman and hunter as he was, he couldn't compete with Laroy Lyman, particularly when Laroy had the hunt all land out for him in his dreams."

TOMCOD REGINNING TO REX North River Docks Are Now Filled With Eager Fishermen

The comcod have started to run in all the waters around Greater New York Tomcod do not make their appearance in the local waters until the cold weather sets in, but from now on as long as the weather continues cold the "tommies" will continue to run, and the docks and stringpieces along the Hudson and the East rivers will be crowded every day with fishermen. Although they rarely come over a foot in length old fishermen say that no gamer fish inhabits the local waters.

Sunday is the busy day for the amateurs, and on that day there isn't an accessible spot from Seventy-second treet to Inwood not occupied by tomcod

The spot which tempts most of the fishermen on the upper West Side is a the foot of West Ninety-sixth, or in that vicinity. The best fishing is to be had there. The long docks that jut out into the river are crowded every Sunday with the fishermen. On the dock at Ninety seventh street there is room for almost 100 fishermen, with plenty of room for the fishermen to cast their lines without getting them tangled.

The overflow from the Ninety-seventh street dock finds room on the Ninety sixth street dock, which is almost as long and wide. The only fault is that brick barges tie up at the Ninety-sixth street dock and leave no room. But the fishermen hop aboard the barges and fish from the sides of them

The tomcod season is young yet, but from present indications it promises to be a good one, not only for the run of the fish but for size. There was a time not long ago when most of the fishermen were content with one line, and they were also content to hold this line in their hands and wait for a bite. This season hands and wait for a bite. This season things seem to be more up to date along, the river front, for most of the fishermen are now using two or three lines the majority are fishing with poles

These fishermen who do not use pole These lishermen who do not use poles and have two or three lines to look after have an invention of their own which watches the lines for them. Before casting their lines overboard the fishercasting their lines overboard the inner-men hammer down into the soft wood of the docks and stringpieces pieces of wire with a bell attachment on the top. of wire with a bell attachment on the top. Each bell has a different tone, and when the lines are attached to the wires the bells ring when a fish jerks on the line. The fishermen being familiar with the tones of the bells are able to tell just what line the fish is biting on.

There is very good tomeod fishing over on the Jersey side of the river around Edgewater and Fort Lee, and crowds

over on the Jersey side of the river around tedgewater and Fort Lee, and crowds of New Yorkers take the ferryboats over there every Sunday to fish. On the North Shore of Long Island around the vicinity of Port Washington the best tomood fishing in years has been reported. The Government has been planting tomood fry in Jamaica Bay for some ng tomeod fry in Jamaica Bay for some years, but the "tommies" are very scarce

own there at the present time.

Owing to the fact that tomcods appear owing to the fact that tomcods appear in large numbers in the cold weather they are sometimes known as "frost-fish." These are the smallest members of the codfish family, but the idea that they are young cod is erroneous. However, they closely resemble the common cod in markings, shape and color.

PREPARING JERKED VENISON. The Finest Way of Preserving That Delightfut Meat.

"Of all the hunters that go out after deer nowadays," said an old timer. "I was a firm believer in dreams and he don't believe one in a dozen knows when many times proved their efficacy by his jerked venison is; or if he does know dependence on them in his hunts. One that he doesn't know how to go about time he was at George Smith's cabin preparing that exceedingly toothsome forest recluse, who lived by hunting and the deer trail and failed to include jerked trapping and never appeared at any of the venison in his camp fare or didn't fetch settlements except when he went there home with him a liberal supply of it has to dispose of his game and skins or to missed one of the most appetizing recolobtain necessary supplies. His cabin lections of the woods. This is the way

"Cut the choicest of the meat into strips ten inches long and two inches square Sprinkle them quite liberally with salt, but not enough to make them bitter tion up the Allegheny River came to Let the salt work on them for a couple Smith's wet, cold and hungry. They of hours. While it is doing it you go and put down two legs a foot or so in diameter side by side and about the same got away from them at last. They had distance apart. Between the logs make

"Hemlock or a relative of hemlock is always apt to be found in deer hunting regions, and I never go into camp without taking pains to gather up a lot of hem "Lyman got up early next morning and lock bark for use. It is the best material for the purpose because it will make a fire of hot coals without running to "No, one of the Indians said, with a blaze or smoke. Birch bark would shrug of his shoulders. 'Indian hunted ideal for the purpose, but it is all blaze with birch bark. Hickory wood couldn't be beat for jerking venison, but hickory wood would smoke the meat, and jerked venison isn't smoked venison, as a good

"Having got your bed of hemlock was tired and had come out of the creek bark coals in fine shape and having driven snow which fell this fall in the Moose and hadn't gone half a mile, where it had at the inside edge of the ends of each log River country was written upon by a lain down in its bed. I will go get the a crotched stick long enough after it is securely driven to have the crotch perhaps a foot above the logs and have extended from crotch to crotch in these sticks two poles that are thus suspended above the fire, cut as many half inch to reach across from one pole to another and rest securely on them. On these sticks string your strips of deer meat by thrusting them through the meat near one end of the strips, the sticks being sharpened at one end to facilitate that

operation.
"This will leave the strips hanging from their sticks much as the candles used to hang from theirs in the old fashioned moulds, if any hunter of this generation is happy enough to have recolleceration is happy enough to have recollec-tions of the days when we made our own candles. Place the sticks with their pendent meat over the coals. Turn the concave sides of lengths of hemlock bark over the top of the sticks. This will keep in the steam that will presently will keep in the steam that will presently begin to rise from the meat, as the coals get their gradual but effective work in on it. Keep the fire down there between the logs so it won't make too rapid a heat, for if it does the juice will occasiout of the meat and be lost, and the would detract from the excellence of the finished product.